

T H E
Tragedie of King Ri-
chard the se-
cond.

*As it hath beene publikely acted
by the right Honourable the
Lorde Chamberlaine his Ser-
uants.*



First Edition

L O N D O N


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are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at
the signe of the Angel.

1 5 9 7.



ENTER KING RICHARD, IOHN
OF GAUNT, WITH OTHER
Nobles and attendants.

King Richard.

 Vld Iohn of Gaunt time honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy oath and bande
Brought hither Henrie Herford thy bolde sonne,
Here to make good the boistrous late appeale,
Which then our leysure would not let vs heare
Against the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I haue my Leige.

King. Tell me moreover hast thou sounded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good subiect should
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.

Gaunt. As neere as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent daunger scene in him,
Aimde at your highnes, no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our ptesence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our selues will heare,
The accuser and the accused freely speake:
High stomacke are they both and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea, hastie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bulling. Manie yeares of happie daies befall,
My gracious soueraigne my most louing liege.

A 2

Mow.

The Tragedie of

Mowbr. Each day still better others happines,
Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely to appeale each other of high treason:
Cousin of Hertford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norffolke **Thomas Mowbray?**

Bull. First, heauen be the record to my speech,
In the deuotion of a subiects loue,
Tending the pretious safetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellat to this princely presence,
Now **Thomas Mowbray** do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake
My body shall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine soule answer it in heauen:
Thou art a traitour and a miscreant,
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and cristall is the skie,
The vgher seeme the cloudes that in it flie:
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a foule traitors name stuffe I thy throte,
And wish (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong speaks, my right drawen sword may proue.

Mow. Let not my cold wordes here accuse my zeale,
Tis not the triall of a womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eger tongues
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine,
The bloud is hote that must be coold for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be huiht, and naught at all to say.
First the faire reuerence of your Highnesse curbs me,
From giuing reines and spurres to my free speech,
Which else would post vntill it had returnd,
These termes of treason doubled downe his throat:
Setting aside his high blouds royaltie,

King Richard the second.

And let him be no kinsman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slaunderous coward, and a villaine,
Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods,
And meeete him were I tied to runne afoote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Englishman durst set his foote,
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes most falsly doth he lie.

Bull. Pale trembling coward there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kinred of the King,
And lay aside my high bloudes royaltie,
Which Feare, not Reuerence makes thee to except.
If guilty dread haue left thee so much strength,
As to take vp mine honours pawn, and so stowpe,
By that, and all the rites of Knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I haue spoke, or thou canst worse deuise.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my shoulder,
Ile answer thee in any faire degree,
Or chiuallrous designe of knightly triall:
And when I mount, aliue may I not light,
If I be traitor or vniustly fight.

King. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbraies charge?
It must be great that can inherit vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Looke what I speake, my life shall proue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiude eight thousand nobles
In name of Lendings for your Highnes souldiours,
The which he hath detraind for lewd employments,
Like a false traitour, and iniurious villaine:
Besides I say, and will in battle proue,
Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
That euer was surueyed by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteene yeares,

The Tragedie

Complotted and contrived in this land:
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring,
Further I say and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glocesters death,
Suggest his loone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a taitour coward,
Slucte out his innocent soule through streames of bloud,
Which bloud, like sacrificing Abels cries,
Euen from the toungelesse Cauernes of the earth,
To me for iustice and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares,
Thomas of Notfolke what saist thou to this?

Mowb. Oh let my soueraigne turne awaie his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue tolde this flander of his bloud,
How God and good men hate so foule a lier.

King. Mowbray impartiall are our eies and eares,
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdomes heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne,
Now by scepters awe I make a vowe,
Such neighbour neerenes to our sacred bloud
Should nothing priuiledge him nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule,
He is our subiect Mowbray so art thou,
Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allowe.

Mowb. Then Bullingbrooke as lowe as to thy heart
Through the false passage of thy throate thou liest,
Three partes of that receipte I had for Callice,
Disburst I duely to his highnesse souldiers,
The other part reserude I by consent,
For that my soueraigne liege was in my debt.
Vpon remainder of a deare account:
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death,

I flew

of King Richard the second.

I slewe him not but to my owne disgrace;
Neglected my sworne duty in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambushe for your life,
A trespasse that doth vex my griued soule:
Ah but ere I last receiue the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begd
Your graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault, as for the rest appeald
It issues from the rancour of a villaine,
A recreant and most degenerate traitour,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defende,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Vpon this ouerweening traitors foote,
To proue my selfe a loyal Gentleman,
Euen in the best bloud chamberd in his bosome,
In haste wherof most hartily I pray
Your highnes to assigne our triall day.

King. Wrath kindled gentleman be ruled by me,
Lets purge this choler without letting bloud,
This we prescribe though no Phisition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision,
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed,
Our doctors say, this is no month to bleede:
Good Vnckle let this ende where it begonne,
Weele calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your sonne.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shal become my age,
Throw downe (my soune) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

King. And Norfolke throw downe his.

Gaunt. When Harry? when obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid againe.

King. Norfolke throw downe we bid, there is no boote.

Mow. My selfe I throw dread soueraigne at thy foote,
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my duty owes, but my faire name
Despight of death that liues upon my grave,

The Tragedie of

To darke dishonour vs thou shalt not haue:
I am disgraste, impeacht, and buffuld heere,
Pierst to the soule with Slaunders venomd speare,
The which no balme can cure but his heart bloud
Which breathde this poyson.

King. Rage must be withstoode,
Giue me his gage; Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage, my deare deare Lord,
The purest treasure mortall times afford,
Is spotlesse Reputation that away
Men are but guilded loame, or painted clay,
A iewell in a ten times bard vp chest,
Is a bold spirit in a loyall breast:
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one,
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me trie.
In that I liue, and for that will I die.

King. Cousin, throw vp your gage, do you beginne:

Bull. O God defend my soule from such deepe sinne,
Shall I seeme Crest-fallen in my fathers fight?
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my height,
Before this out-darde Dastard? ere my tong
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parlee, my teeth shall teare
The slavish motiue of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where Shame doth harbour euen in Mowbraies face.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot do, to make you friends,
Be ready as your liues shall answere it,
At Couentry vpon saint Lamberts day,
There shall your swords and launces arbitrate
The swelling difference of your setled hate,
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Iustice designe the Victors chivalrie,
Lord Marshal, command our Officers at Armes,

King Richard the second.

Be ready to direct these home allarmes.

Exit.

Enter Iohn of Gaunt with the Duchesse of Gloucester.

Gaunt Alas, the part I had in Woodstockes bloud,
Doth more sollicite me than your exclainnes,
To stirre against the butchers of his life,
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct:
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Duchesse Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?
Hath loue in thy old bloud no liuing fire?
Edwards seuen sonnes whereof thy selfe art one,
Were as seuen viols of his sacred bloud,
Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seuen are dried by natures course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut:
But *Thomas* my deare Lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One violl full of Edwards sacred bloud,
One flourishing branch of his most royall roote
Is crackt, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hackt downe, and his summer leaues all faded
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloody axe.
Ah *Gaunt*, his bloud was thine, that bed, that womb,
That mettall, that selfe mould, that fashioned thee
Made him a man: and though thou liuest and breathest,
Yet art thou slaine in him, thou doost consent
In some large measure to thy fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the modell of thy fathers life:
Call it not patience *Gaunt*, it is dispaire,
In suffring thus thy brother to be slaughtred,
Thou shewest the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching sterne Murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardree in noble breasts.

B

what

The Tragedie of

What shall I saie? to safegard thine owne life,
The best way is, to venge my Glocesters death.

Gaunt Gods is the quarrell for Gods substitute,
His deputy annointed in his fight,
Hath cauld his death, the which if wrongfully,
Let heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift
An angry arme against his minister.

Duch. Where then alas may I complaine my selfe?

Gaunt To God the widdowes Champion and defence,

Duch. Why then I will; farewell olde Gaunt,
Thou goest to Coentry, there to behold
Our Coosen Hereford and fell Mowbray fight,
O set my husbands wronges on Herefords speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbraies breast:
Or if misfortune misle the first carrier,
Be Mowbraies sinnes so heavy in his bosome
That they may breake his forming coursers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the listes,
Against recreant to my Coosen Hereford,
Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife,
With her companion Griefe must end her life.

Gaunt Sister farewell, I must to Couentry,
As much good slay with thee, as go with me.

Duch. Yet one word more, grieve boundeth where is fall,
Not with the emptie hollownes, but weigh:
I take my leaue before I haue begone,
For sorrow endes not when it seemeth done:
Commerd me to thy brother Edmund Yorke,
Loth is all: nay yet depart not so,
Though this be al, doe not so quickly go:
I shall remember more: Bid him, ah what?
With all good speede at Plashie visite me,
Alacke and what shall good olde Yorke there see,
But empty lodgings and vnfurnisht wals,
Vnpeopled offices, vntrodden stones,
And what heare there for welcome but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,

King Richard the second.

To seeke out sorrow that dwels euery where,
Desolate desolate will I hence and die:
The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Marshall and the Duke Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle is Harry Herford arnde?

Aum. Yea at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke sprightly and bold,
Staies but the summons of the appellants trumpet.

Aum. Why then the Champions are prepar'd and stay
For nothing but his maiesties approach.

*The trumpets sound and the King enters with his nobles; when
they are set, enter the Duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.*

King Marshall demaunde of yonder Champion,
The cause of his arriuall here in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceede
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods name and the Kings say who thou art,
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in armes,
Against what man thou comist and what thy quareil,
Speake truly on thy knighthoode, and thy oth
As so defend the heaven and thy valour.

Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolke,
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which God defende a Knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue.
Against the Duke of Herford that appeales me.
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To proue him in defending of my selfe.
A traitour to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.

*The trumpets sound. Enter Duke of Hereford
appellant in armour.*

King Marshall aske yonder Knight in armes,

The Tragedie of

Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus plated in habiliments of warre,
And formally according to our lawe,
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherfore comst thou hither?
Before king Richard in his royall lists,
Against whom comes thou? and whats thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen.

Bul. Harry of Hertford, Lancaster and Darbie
Am I, who ready here do stand in Armes
To proue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norffolke,
That he is a traitour foule and dangerous,
To God of heauen, king Richard and to me:
And as I truely fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring, hardy, as to touch the listes,
Except the Martiall and such officers
Appoynted to direct these faire designs.

Bul. Lord Martiall, let me kisse my Souereignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiestie,
For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our seuerall friends,

Mar. The appellant in all ducty greetes your Highnes,
And craues to kisse your hand, and take his leaue.

King We will descend and fold him in our armes,
Cousin of Hertford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewell my bloud, which if to day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not reuenge the dead.

Bul. O let no noble eie prophane a teare
For me, if I be gode with Mowbraies speare:
As confident as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you:

King Richard the second.

Of you (my noble cousin) Lord Aumarle,
Not sicke although I haue to do with death,
But lusty, yong and cheerely drawing breth:
Loe, as at English feasts so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthly Authour of my bloud,
Whose youthfull spirite in me regenerate
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp,
To reach at Victory aboue my head:
Adde prooffe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings Steele my launces point,
That it may enter Mowbraies waxen core,
And furbish new the name of Iohn a Gaunt,
Euen in the lustie hauiour of his sonne.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
Of thy aduerse pernicious enemy,
Rowze vp thy youthfull bloud, be valiant and liue.

Bul. Mine innocence and saint George to thriue,

Mowb. How euer God or Fortune cast my lot,
There liues or dies true to King Richards throne,
A loyall, iust, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontrould enfranchisement,
More than my dauncing soule doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine aduersarie,
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy yeeres,
As gentle, and as iocund as to iest
Go I to fight, truth hath a quiet brest.

King Farewell (my Lord) securely I espie,
Vertue with Valeur couched in thine eie,
Order the triall Martiall, and beginne.

Mart. Harry of Herford, Lancaster and Darby,

The Tragedie of

Receiue thy lancee, and God defend the right.

Bul. Strong as a tower in hope I cry, Amen.

Mart. Go beare this lance to Thomas Duke of Norfolk.

Herald. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby
Stands here, for God, his soueraigne, and himsele,
On paine to be found false and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolk Thomas Mowbray
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

Herald 2 Here standeth Thomas Mowbray D. of Norfolk
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himsele, and to approue
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Darby,
To God, his soueraigne, and to him disloyall,
Couragiously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signall to beginne.

Mart. Sound trumpets, and set forward Combatants:
Stay, the king hath throwen his warder downe.

King. Let them lay by their helmets, and their speares,
And both returne backe to their chaires againe,
Withdraw with vs, and let the trumpets sound,
While we returne these dukes what we decree.
Draw neere and list

What with our counsell we haue done:
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soild
With that deare bloud which it hath fostered:
And for our eies do hate the dire aspect
Of ciuill wounds plowd vp with neighbours sword,
And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride
Of skie-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With riual-hating enuy set on you
To wake our peace, which in our Countries cradle
Drawes the sweet infant breath of gentle sleepe
Which so rouse vp with boistrous vtund drummes,
With harsh resounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shooke of wrathfull yron armes,
Might from our quiet confines tnight faire Peace,

And

King Richard the second.

And make vs wade euen in our kinreds bloud;
Therefore we banish you our territories:
You cousin Hereford vpon paine of life,
Til twice five summers haue enricht our fields,
Shall not regreete our faire dominions,
But treade the stranger paths of banishment.

Bul. Your will be done; this must my comfort be,
That Sunne that warmes you here, shall shine on me,
And those his golden beames to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and guilde my banishment.

King Norfolke, for thee remaines a heauier doome,
Which I with some vnwillingnesse pronounce,
The slow hieures shall not determinate
The datelesse limite of thy deere exile,
The hopelesse word of neuer to returne,
Breathe I against thee, vpon paine of life.

Mowb. A heauy sentence, my most soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlookt for from your Highnesse mouth,
A deerer merit not so deepe a maime,
As to be cast forth in the common ayre
Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands:
The language I haue learnt these forty yeeres,
My natie English now I must forgo,
And now my tongues vse is to me, no more
Than an vnstringed viol or a harpe,
Or like a cunning instrument casde vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmonie:
Within my mouth you haue engaid my tongue,
Doubly portcullist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my Gaolet to attend on me:
I am too olde to fawne vpon a nuiſe,
Too far in yeeres to be a pupill now,
What is thy sentence but speechlesse death?
Which robbes my tongue from breathing natie breath.

King It bootes thee not to be compassionate,

After

The Tragedie of

After our sentence playning comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light,
To dwel in solemne shades of endlesse night.

King. Returne againe, and take an othe with thee,
Lay on our royall sword your banisht hands,
Swear by the duty that y'owe to God,
(Our part therein we banish with your selues,)
To keepe the oath that we administer:
You neuer shall, so helpe you truth and God,
Embrace each others loue in banishment,
Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
Nor neuer write, regreete, nor reconcile
This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduised purpose meete,
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainst vs, our state, our subiects, or our land.

Bul. I sweare.

Mow. And I, to keepe al this.

Bul. Norffolke, so fare as to mine enemy:
By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our soules had wandred in the aire,
Banisht this fraile sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banisht from this land,
Confesse thy treasons ere thou flie the realme,
Since thou hast far to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guiltie soule.

Mow. No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were traitour,
My name be blotted from the booke of life,
And I from heauen banisht as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And al too soone (I feare) the King shall rew:
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,
Saue backe to England al the worlds my way.

Exit.

King. Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes,
I see thy griued heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banisht yeeres
Pluckt foure away, sixe frozen winters spent,

Returne

King Richard the second.

Returne with welcome home from banishment.

Bull. How long a time lies in one little word.
Foure lagging winters and foure wanton springes,
End in a word, such is the breath of Kinges.

Gaunt. I thanke my liege that in regard of me,
He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile,
But little vantage shall I reape thereby:
For eare the sixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
My oile-dried lampe, and time bewasted light
Shall be extint with age and endlesse nightes,
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me see my sonne.

King. Why Vnckle thou hast many yeares to liue.

Gaunt. But not a minute King that thou canst giue,
Shorten my daies thou canst with sullen sorrowe,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,
But stoppe no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

King. Thy sonne is banisht vpon good aduise,
Whereto thy tong a party verdict gaue,
Why at our iustice seemst thou then to lowre?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prooue in digestion sowre.
You vrgde me as a iudge, but I had rather,
You would haue bid me argue like a father:
Oh had't beene a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should haue beene more milde:
A partial slaunder sought I to auoide,
And in the sentence my owne life destroyed:
Alas, I lookt when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,
Against my will to do my selfe this wrong.

King. Coosen farewell, and Vnckle, bid him so,
Sixe yeares we banish him and he shall go.

Exit.

Au-

The Tragedie of

An. Cosin farewell, what presence must not know,
From where you doe remaine let paper shew.

Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose doest thou hoard thy words,
That thou returpest no greeting to thy friends?

Bull. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breathe the abundant dolor of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy griefe is but thy absence for a time.

Bull. Ioy absent, griefe is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is fixe winters? they are quickly gone.

Bul. To men in ioy, but griefe makes one hower ten.

Gaunt. Call it a trauaile that thou takst for pleasure.

Bul. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which findes it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The fullen passage of thy weary steps,
Esteeme as foyle wherein thou art to set,
The pretious Iewell of thy home returne.

Bul. Nay rather every tedious stride I make,
Will but remember me what a deale of world
I wander from the Iewels that I loue.
Must I not serue a long apprenticeship,
To forreine passages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a iourneyman to griefe.

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heauen visits,
Are to a wiseman portes and happie hauens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus,
There is no vertue like necessity,
Thinke not the King did banish thee,
But thou the King. Woe doth the heauier sit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the King exilde thee; or suppose,
Deuouring pestilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:

Looke

King Richard the second.

Looke what thy soule holds deare, imagine it
To ly that way thou goest, not whence thou comst:
Suppose the singing birds musitions,
The grasse whereon thou treadst, the presence strowd,
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy steps, no more
Then a delightfull measure or a dance,
For gnarling sorrow hath lesse power to bite,
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantasticke sommers heate?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrowes tooth doth neuer rancle more,
Then when he bites, but launceth not the soare.

Garr. Come come my sonne Ie bring thee on thy way,
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell, sweet soile adiew,
My mother and my nurse that beares me yet,
Where eare I wander boast of this I can,
Though banisht, yet a true borne English man. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King with Bushie, &c at one dore, and the
Lord Aumarle at another.*

King We did obserue. Coosen Aumarle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Herford, if you call him so,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

King And say, what store of parting teares were shed?

Aum. Faith none for me, except the Northeast winde,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awake the sleeping rhenne, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

The Tragedie of

King What said our cousin when you parted with him?

Am. Farewel, & for my hart disdained that my tongue
Should so prophane the word that taught me craft,
To counterfaite oppression of such grieve,
That words seemd buried in my sorrowes graue:
Marry would the word Farewel haue lengthned howers,
And added yeares to his short banishment,
He should haue had a volume of farewels:
But since it would not, he had none of me.

King. He is our Coosens Cousin, but tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,
Our selve and Bushie,
Observed his courtship to the common people,
How he did seeme to diue into their harts,
With humble and familiar courtesie,
What reuerence he did throw away on slaues,
Wooing poore craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient vnder-bearing of his fortune,
As twere to barish their affects with him,
Off goes his bonnet to an oysterwench,
A brace of draimen bid, God speed him wel,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks my countrey men my louing friendes,
As were our England in reuerfion his,
And he our subiects next degree in hope.

Greene. Wel, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts,
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient mannage must be made my liege,
Ere further leysure yeeld them further meanes,
For their aduantage and your highnes losse.

King. VVe will our selve in person to this waire,
And for our coffers with too great a court,
And liberall larges are growen somewhat light,
VVe are inforst to farm our royall Realme,
The reuenew whereof shall furnish vs,
For our affaires in hand if that come short,

Our

KING RICHARD the second.

Our substitutes at home shall haue blanke charters,
Whereto, when they shal know what men are rich,
They shal subscribe them for large summes of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants,
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushie with newes.

Bush. Olde Iohn of Gaunt is grieuous sicke my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath sent post haste,
To intreate your Maiestie to visite him.

King Where lies he?

Bush. At Ely house.

King. Now put it (God) in the Physitions mind,
To help him to his graue immediately:
The lining of his coffers shall make coates
To decke our souldiers for these Irish warres.
Come gentlemen, lets all go visite him,
Pray God we may make haste and come too late,

Amen

Exeunt.

Enter Iohn of Gaunt sicke, with the duke of Yorke, &c.

Gaunt. Wil the King come that I may breathe my last?
In holsome counsell to his vnstaied youth.

Yorke Vex not your selfe, nor strue not with your breath,
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

Gaunt. Oh but they say, the tongues of dying men,
Inforce attention like deepe harmony:
Where words are scarce they are seldome spent in vaine,
For they breathe truth that breathe their wordes in paine:
He that no more must say, is listened more
Than they whom youth and ease haue taught to glose,
More are mens ends markt than their liues before:
The setting Sunne, and Musike at the close,
As the last taste of sweetes is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past,
Though Richard my liues counsell would not heare,
My deaths sad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

Yorke No, it is stopt with other flattering foundes.

The Tragedie of

As praises of whose taste the wise are found
Lasciuious meeters, to whose venome sound
The open eare of youth doth alwayes listen.
Report of fashions in proude Italie,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitations
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanitie,
So it be new, theres no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buzd into his eares?
Then all too late comes Counsell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him whose way him selfe wil chuse,
Tis breath thou lackst and that breath wilt thou loose:

Gaunt Me thinkes I am a prophet new inspirde,
And thus expiring do foretell of him,
His rash fierce blaze of ryot cannot last:
For violent fires soone burne out themselves.
Small shoures last long, but sodaine stormes are short:
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes
With eagre feeding tooke doth choke the feeder,
Light vanitie insatiate cormorant,
Consuming meanes soone praies vpon it selfe:
This royall throne of Kings, this sceptred Ile,
This earth of maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy Paradise,
This fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection and the hand of warre,
This happy breede of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the siluer sea,
Which serues it in the office of a wall,
Or as moate defensue to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier lands.
This blessed plot, this earth, this realme, this England,
This nurse, this teeming wombe of royall Kings,
Feard by their breed, and famous by theyr byrth,
Renowned for theyr deedes as far from home,
For christian seruice, and true chivalry,

King Richard the second.

As is the sepulchre in stubburne Iewry,
Of the worlds ranfome blessed Maries sonne:
This land of such deare soules, this deere deere land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leasde out; I dye pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting Farne.
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inckie blots and rotten parchment bonds:
That Eng'land that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:
Ah would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death?

Yorke The King is come, deale mildely with his youth,
For young hot colts being ragde, do rage the more.

Enter king and Queene, &c.

Queene How fares our noble vncle Lancaster?

King What comfort man? how ist with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt O how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt indeede, and gaunt in being olde:
With this Griefe hath kept a tedious fast.
And who abtaines from meate that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breedes leanenesse, leanenesse is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feede vpon
Is my strict fast; I meane my childrens lookes,
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inherites naught but bones.

King Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt No misery makes sport to mocke it selfe,
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,
I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

King Should dying men flatter with those that liue?

Gaunt No no, men liuing flatter those that die.

King

The Tragedie of

King. Thou now a dying sayest thou flatterest me.

Gaunt. Oh no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.

King. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now he that made me knowes I see thee ill,
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesse than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sicke,
And thou too carelessse patient as thou art
Commitst thy annoynted body to the cure
Of those Physitions that first wounded thee,
A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger than thy head,
And yet intraged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesse than thy land:
Oh had thy grandsire with a Prophets eie,
Seene how his sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes,
From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert posselt,
Which art posselt now to depose thy selfe:
Why cousin wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease:
But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, ~~not~~ not King,
Thy state of lawe is bondslaue to the lawe,
And thou

King. A lunatike leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an agues priuiledge,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chasing the royall bloud
With furie from his native residence.
Now by my seates right royall maiestie,
Wert thou not brother to great Edwards sonne,
This tong that runnes so roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh spare me not my brothers Edwards sonne,
For that I was his father Edwards sonne,

That

King Richard the second.

That bloud already like the Pellican,
Hast thou tapt out and drunkenly carowst,
My brother Gloucester plaine well meaning soule,
Whom faire befall in heauen mongst happy soules,
Maie be a president and witnes good:
That thou respectst not spilling Edwards bloud:
Ioine with the present sicknes that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower,
Liue in thy shame, but die not shame with thee,
These words hereafter thy tormentors be,
Conway me to my bed then to my graue,
Loue they to liue that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King And let them die that age and sullens haue,
For both hast thou and both become the graue.

Yorke I doe beseech your Maiesty, impute his words
To waiward sicklines and age in him,
He loues you on my life, and holdes you deere,
As Harry Duke of Hereford were he here.

King Right, you say true, as Herefords loue, so his
As theirs, so mine, and all be as it is. (iestie.

North. My liege, old Gauut commends him to your Ma-

King What saies he?

North. Nay nothing, all is said:
His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,
Words, life, and al, old Lancaster hath spent.

Yorke Be Yorke the next that must be bankrout so,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

King The ripest fruit first fals, and so doth he.
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be;
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars,
We must supplant those rough rugheaded kerne,
Which liue like venome, where no venome else,
But onely they haue priuiledge to liue.
And for these great affaires do aske some charge,
Towards our assistance we doe seaze to vs:

The Tragedie of

The plate, coine, reuenowes, and moucables
Whereof our Vnckle Gaunt did stand posselt.

Yorke How long shal I be patient? ah how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Glocesters death, nor Herefords banishment,
Nor Gauntes rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke,
About his mariadge, nor my owne disgrace,
Haue euer made me lower my patient cheeke,
Or bende one wrinkle on my foueraignes face:
I am the last of noble Edwards sonnes,
Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was first
In warre was neuer Lyon ragde more fierce,
In peace was neuer gentle lambe more milde,
Then was that young and princely Gentleman:
His face thou hast, for euen so lookt he,
Accomplisht with a number of thy howers;
But when he frowned it was against the trench,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spende, and spent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had wonne:
His hands were guilty of no kinned blood,
But bloudie with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh Richard: Yorke is too far gone with griefe,
Or else he neuer would compare betweene.

King Why Vnckle whats the matter?

Yorke Oh my liege, pardon me if you please,
If not I pleasd not to be pardoned, am content with all,
Seeke you to seaze and gripe into your hands
The roialties and rights of banisht Hereford:
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford liue?
Was not Gaunt iust? and is not Harrie true?
Did not the one deserue to haue an heire?
Is not his heire a well deseruing sonne?
Take Herefordes rightes away, and take from time
His charters, and his customarie rightes;
Let not to morrow then ensue to day:
Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King

But

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

But by faire sequence and succession?
Now afore God God forbidde I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seaze Herefords rightes,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attourneies generall to sue
His liuery, and deny his offred homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts,
Which honour, and alleageance cannot thinke.

King Thinke what you wil, we cease into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money and his landes.

Yorke Ile not be by the while, my liege farewell,
What will ensue hereof thers none can tell:
But by bad courses may be vnderstood
That their euent can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*

King Go Buthe to the Earle of Wiltshire straight,
Bid him repaire to vs to Ely house,
To see this busines: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and tis time I trow,
And we create in absence of our selfe,
Our Vnckle Yorke Lord gouernour of England;
For he is iust, and alwaies loued vs well:
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part.
Be merry, for our time of staie is short.

Exeunt King and Queene: Manet North.

North. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Rosse And liuing to, for now his sonne is Duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in reuenewes.

North. Richly in both if iustice had her right.

Rosse My heart is great, but it must breake with silence,
Eart be disburdened with a liberall tongue.

North. Nay speake thy mind, & let him nere speake more
That speakes thy words againe to doe thee harme. (*ford*)

Wil. Tends that thou wouldst speake to the Duke of Her
If it be so, out with it boldly man.

Quicke is mine care to heare of good towards him.

The Tragedie of

Rosse No good at all that I can doe for him,
Vnless: you call it good to pittie him,
Bereft, and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now afore God tis shame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince and many mo,
Of noble bloud in this declining land,
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate gainst any of vs all,
That will the King severely prosecute,
Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

Rosse The commons hath he pild with grienous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts. The nobles hath he finde,
For ancient quarrels and quite lost their hearts.

Will. And daily new exactions are deuise,
As blanckes, beneuolences, and I wot not what:
But what a Gods name doth become of this?

North. Wars hath not wasted it, for warrde he hath not,
But basely yeeled vpon compromise,
That which his noble auncestors atchiued with blowes,
More hath he spent in peace then they in wars.

Rosse The Earle of Wiltshire hath the realme in farme.

Will. The King growen banckrout like a broken man,

North. Reproch and dissolution hangeth ouer him.

Rosse He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.

North. His noble kinsman most degenerate King,
But Lerds we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoid the storme:
We see the wind sit fore vpon our sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Rosse We see the very wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoided is the danger now
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

North. Not so, euen through the hollow eies of death,
I spie life peering but I dare not say,

How

King Richard the second.

How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts as thou dost ours.

Rosse Be confident to speake Northumberland
We three are but thy selfe, and speaking so
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

North. Then thus, I haue from le Port Blan
A Bay in Brittain receiue intelligence,
That Harry duke of Herford, Rainold L. Cobham
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His brother, archbishop late of Canterburie,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir Iohn Ramston,
Sir Iohn Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Coines;
All these well furnished by the Duke of Brittain
With eight tall shippes, three thousand men of warre,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our flauish yoke,
Impe out our drowping countries broken wing,
Redeeme from Broking pawne the blemisht Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters guilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in post to Rauenspurghe:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

Rosse To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that feare.

Will. Holde out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queene, Bushie, Bagot.

Bush. Madam, your maiestie is too much sad,
You promist, when you parted with the King,
To lay aside life-harming heauines,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Queene To please the king I did, to please my selfe
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,

The Tragedie of

Save bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,
As my sweete Richard: yet agayne me thinkes
Some vnborne sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe,
Is comming towardes me and my inward soule,
With nothing trembles, at something it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Bushie Each substance of a griefe hath twenty shadowes,
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing entire to many objects,
Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon
Shew nothing but confusion; eyde awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweet maiestie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Finde shapes of griefe more than himselfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but shadows
Of what it is not; then thrice (gracious Queene)
More then your Lords departure weep not, more is not seen
Or if it be, tis with false Sorrowes eye,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.

Queene It may be so; but yet my inward soule
Periwades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heauie sad,
As thought on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauy nothing faint and shrink.

Bush. Tis nothing but conceit my gracious Lady.

Queene Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriude,
From some forefather griefe, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something griefe,
Or something hath the nothing that I griue,
Tis in reuerfion that I do possesse,
But what it is that is not yet knowen what,
I cannot name, tis namelesse woe I wot.

Greene God save your maiesty, and well met Gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.

Queene Why hopest thou so? tis better hope he is,
For his designes craue haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Greene

King Richard the second.

Greene That he our hope might haue retirde his power,
And driuen into despaire an enemies hope,
Who strong'y hath set footing in this land,
The banisht Bullingbrooke repeales himselfe,
And with vplifted armes is safe ariude at Rauenspurgh.

Queene Now God in heauen forbid.

Greene Ah Madam! tis too true, and that is worse:
The lord Northumberland, his son yong H. Percie,
The lords of Rosse, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends are fled to him.

Bush. Why haue you not proclaimed Northumberland
And al the rest reuolted faction, traitours?

Greene We haue, whereupon the earle of Worcester
Hath broken his Staffe, resign'd his Stewardship,
And al the household seruants fled with him to Bullingbrook

Queene So Greene, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bullingbrooke my sorowes dismall heire,
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigie,
And I a gasping new deluetd inother,
Haue woe to woe, sorow to sorow ioynde

Bushie Dispaire not Madam.

Queene Who shall hinder me?
I will dispaire and be at enmitie
With coufening Hope, he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper backe of Death,
Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,
VVhich false Hope lingers in extremitie.

Greene Here comes the Duke of Yorke.

Queene VVith signes of war about his aged necke,
Oh tul of carefull busines are his lookes!
Vncle, for Gods sake speake comfortable wordes.

Yorke Should I do so I should beiy my thoughts,
Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
VVhere nothing liues but crosses, cares and grieve:
Your husband, he is gone to saue far off,
VVhilst others come to make him loose at home:
Heere am I left to vnderprop his land,

VVho

The Tragedie of

Who weake with age cannot support my selfe,
Now comes the sicke houre that his surfer made,
Now shall he trie his friends that flatterd him.

Seruingman My Lord, your son was gone before I came.

Yorke He was; why so go all which way it will:
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are colde,
And will (I feare) reuolt on Herefords side.
Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Gloucester,
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,
Hold take my ring.

Seruingman My Lord, I had forgot to tel your Lordship:
To day as I came by I called there,
But I shall grieue you to report the rest.

Yorke What ist knaue?

Seruingman An houre before I came the Dutchesse died.

Yorke God for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this wofull land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to God,
(So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What are there no Posts dispatcht for Ireland?
How shal we do for money for these wars?
Come sister, cousin I would say, pray pardon me:
Go fellow get thee home, prouide some cartes,
And bring away the armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how or which way to order these affayres
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Neuer belecue me: both are my kinsmen,
Tone is my soueraigne, whom both my oath
And duety bids defend; tother againe
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrongd,
Whom conscience, and my kinned bids to right.
Wel somewhat we must do: Come cousin,
He dispose of you: Gentlemen, go muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barkly:
I should to Plashie too, but time wil not permit:

All

King Richard the second.

All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at fixe and seauen.

Exeunt Duke, Que. man. Bush, Gree.

Bush. The winde sits faire for newes to go for Ireland,
But none returns. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemy is all vnpossible.

Gree. Besides our neerenes to the King in loue,
Is neare the hate of those loue not the King.

Bag. And that is the wauering commons, for their loue
Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemnd.

Bag. If iudgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we euer haue beene neere the King.

Gree. Well I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull commons perforce me for vs.
Except like curs to teare vs all to pieces:
Will you go along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiesty,
Farewell if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three here part that nere shall meete againe.

Bush. Thats as Yorke thriues to beat backe Bullingbrook.

Gree. Alas poore Duke the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans drie,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie:
Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.

Bush. Well, we may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford, Northumberland.

Bull. How far is it my Lord to Barckly now?

North. Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire,
These high wild hils and rough vneuen waies,
Drawes out our miles and makes them wearisome,
And yet your faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweete and delectable,

E

But

The Tragedie of

But I bethinke me what a weary way
From Rauenspurgh to Cotshall will be found,
In Rosse and Willoughby wanting your company,
Which I protest hath very much beguild,
The tediousnesse and processe of my trauell:
But theirs is sweetned with the hope to haue
The present benefit which I possesse:
And hope to ioy is little lesse in ioye.
Then hope enioyed: by this the weary Lords
Shall make their way seeme short as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your noble company.

Bull. Of much lesse value is my company,
Then your good wordes, But who comes here?

Enter Harry Persy.

North. It is my sonne young Harry Persy,
Sent from my brother Worcester whence soeuer.

Harry, how fares your Vnckle? (of you.)

H. Per. I had thought my Lord to haue learned his health

North. Why is he not with the Queene?

H. Per. No my good Lord, he hath forsooke the court,
Broken his staffe of office and disperst
The household of the King.

North. What was his reason, he was not so resolute,
When last we spake together?

H. Per. Because your Lo: was proclaimed traitor,
But he my Lo: is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me ouer by Barckly to discouer,
What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions to repaire to Rauenspurgh.

North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Heretords boy?

H. Per. No my good Lo: for that is not forgot,
Which nere I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.

H. Per. My gracious Lo: I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies shal ripen and confirme

To

King Richard the second.

To more approbued seruice and desert.

Bull. I thanke thee gentle Perſy, and be ſure.
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoule remembering my good friends,
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It ſhalbe ſtill thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus ſeales it.

North. How farre is it to Barckly, and what ſtur
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of war?

H. Per. There ſtands the Caſtle by yon tuft of trees,
Mand with 300. men as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of Yorke Barkly and Seymer,
None elſe of name and noble eſtimate.

North. Here come the Lords of Roſſe and Willoughby,
Bloudy with ſpurring, fiery red with haſte.

Bull. V Velcome my Lords, I wot your loue purſues,
A baniſht traitor: all my treasury
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more inricht
Shalbe your loue and labours recompence.

Roſſe Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt noble Lord.

Wil. And far ſurmounds our labour to attaine it.

Bul. Euermore thanke's the exchequer of the poore.
V Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes here?

North. It is my Lord of Barkly as I gueſſe.

Barkly My Lord of Hereford my meſſage is to you.

Bul. My Lord my anſwere is to Lancaſter,
And I am come to ſeeke that name in England,
And I muſt find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you ſay.

Bar. Miſtake me not my Lord, tis not my meaning,
To race one title of your honor out:
To you my Lo: I come, what Lo: you will,
From the moſt gracious regent of this land
The Duke of Yorke: to know what prickes you on,
To take aduantage of the abſent time,
And fright our native peace with ſelfe borne armes?

Bull. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his grace in person, my noble Vnckle.

Torke Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duety is deceiueable and false.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle.

Tor. Tut tut, grace me no grace, nor vnckle me no vnckle,
I am no traitors Vnckle, and that word Grace
In an vngracious mouth is but prophane:
Why haue those banisht and forbidden legs,
Dard once to touch a dust of Englands ground:
Put then more why? why haue they dard to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull bosome,
Frighting her pale fac't villadges with warre,
And ostentation of despised armes?
Comst thou because the annointed king is hence?
Why foolish boy the King is left behinde,
And in my loiall bosome lies his power,
Were I but now Lord of such hot youth,
As when braue Gaunt thy father and my selfe
Rescued the blacke prince that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranckes of many thousand french,
O then how quickly should this arme of mine,
Now prisoner to the Palsie chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Bull. My gracious Vnckle let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it and wherein?

Torke Euen in condition of the worst degree,
In grosse rebellion and detested treason,
Thou art a banisht man and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against thy soueraigne.

Bull. As I was banisht, I was bani sh't Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster,
And noble Vnck'e I beseech your grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eie:
You are my father, for me thinkes in you
I see old Gaunt aliue. Oh then my father,

King Richard the second.

Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpstart vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my cousin King be King in England,
It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster:
You haue a sonne, Aumerle, my noble cousin,
Had you first died, and he bin thus trod downe,
He should haue found his vnkle Gaunt a father,
To rowze his wrongs and chase them to the baie.
I am denyed to sue my Liuary here,
And yet my letters pattents giue me leaue.
My fathers goods are all ~~dis~~strainde and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse employed.
What would you haue me do? I am a subiect;
And I challenge law, Atturnies are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble Duke hath bin too much abused.

Rosse It stands your Grace vpon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

Yorke My Lords of England, let me tell you this:

I haue had feeling of my cousins wrongs,
And labourd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in brauing armes
Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,
To finde out right wyth wrong it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kinde,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebells all.

North. The noble Duke hath sworne his comming is,
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
We al haue strongly sworne to giue him ayde:
And let him neuer see ioy that breakes that oath.

Yorke Wel wel, I see the issue of these armes,
I cannot mend it I must needes confesse,
Because my power is weake and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,

The Tragedie of

I would attach you all, and make you stoope
Vnto the soueraigne mercie of the king;
But since I cannot, be it known vnto you,
I do remaine as newter, so fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Bull. An offer vnle that we will accept,
But we must winne your Grace to go with vs,
To Bristow castle, which they say is held
By Bushie, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillers of the commonwealth,
Which I haue sworne to weede and plucke away.

Yorke It may be I will go with you, but yet Ile pause,
For I am loath to breake our countries lawes,
Nor friends, nor foes to me welcome you are:
Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

Enter erle of Salisbury and a Welch captaine.

Welch. My lord of Salisbury, we haue stayed ten dayes,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King,
Therefore we will disperse our selues, farewell.

Salis. Stay yet an other day, thou trustie Welchman.
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Welch. Tis thought the King is dead; we wil not stay,
The bay trees in our country are al witherd,
And Meteors fright the fixed starres of heauen,
The pale-facde moone lookes bloudie on the earth,
And leane-lookt prophets whisper fearefull change,
Rich men looke sad, and ruffians daunce and leape,
The one in feare to loose what they enioy,
The other to enioy by rage and warre:
These signes forerunne the death or fall of Kings.
Farewell, our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their King is dead.

Salis. Ah Richard! with the eies of heauy mind
I see thy glory like a shooting starre

Fall

King Richard the second.

Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy sunne sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing stormes to come, wo, and vnrest,
Thy friends are fled to wait vpon thy foes,
And crosly to thy good all fortune goes.

*Enter Duke of Hereford, Yorke, Northumberland,
Bushie and Greene prisoners.*

Ball. Bring forth these men.

Bushie and Greene, I will not vex your soules,
Since presently your soules must part your bodies
With too much vrging your pernicious liues,
For twere no charitie; yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, heere in the view of men
I will vnfold some causes of your deaths:
You haue missed a Prince, a royall King,
A happy Gentleman in bloud and lineaments,
By you unhappied, and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinfull houres
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a royall bed,
And staine the beutie of a faire Queenes cheekes
With teares, drawen from her eies by your fowle wrongs,
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in bloud, and neere in loue,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Haue sloopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And sigh't my English breath In forren cloudes,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
Whilst you haue fed vpon my seignories,
Disparkt my parkes, and felled my Forrest woods,
From my owne windowes torne my household coate,
Ract out my impresse, leauing me no signe,
Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To shew the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more then twice all this
Condemns you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushie

The Tragedie of

Bul. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bullingbrooke to England, Lords farewell.

Greene My comfort is, that heauen will take our soules,
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.

Bul. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch:
Vncle, you say the Queene is at your house,
For Gods sake fairely let her be intreated,
Tel her I send to her my kinde commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliuered:

Yorke A gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht,
With letters of your loue to her at large.

Bul. Thankes (gentle vncle:) Come Lords away,
To fight with Glendor and his complices,
A while to worke, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King. Aumerle, Carleil, &c.

King Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?

Aum. Yea my Lord, How brookes your Grace the ayre
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

King Needes must I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
To stand vpon my kingdome once againe:
Deere earth I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses hooves:
As a long parted mother with her childe
Playes fondly with her teares and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling greete I thee my earth,
And do thee fauours with my royall hands;
Feede not thy Soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweetes comfort his rauenous sence,
But let thy Spiders that sucke vp thy venome,
And heauy-gated toades lie in theyr way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feete,
Which with vsurping steps do trample thee,
Yeeelde stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosome plucke a flower,
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may wyth a mortall touch,

Throw

King Richard the Second.

Throwe death vpon thy souldiers enemies,
Mocke not my souldiers coniuuration Lords,
This earth shall haue a feeling, and these stones,
Proue armed souldiers ere her native King,
Shall faulter vnder foule rebellions armes.

Carl. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you king,
Hath power to keepe you king in spight of all,
The meanes that heauens yeeld must be imbrac't
And not neglected. Else heauen would,
And we will not, heauens offer, we refuse,
The profered meanes of succors and redresse.

Ann. He meanes my Lo: that we are too remisse,
Whilst Bullingbrooke through our security,
Growes strong and great in substance and in power.

King Discomfortable Coosen knowst thou not,
That when the searching eie of heauen is hid,
Behinde the glöbe that lights the lower world,
Then theues and robbers range abroad vnseene,
In murthers and in outrage bouldy here,
But when from vnder this terrestriall ball,
He fires the proud tops of the easterne pines,
And dartes his light through euery guilty hole,
Then murthers, treasons and detested finnes,
The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themselves?
So when this thiefe, this traitor Bullingbrooke,
Who all this while hath reuel'd in the night,
VVhilst we were wandring with the Antipodes,
Shall see vs rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But selfe affrighted tremble at his sinne,
Not all the water in the rough rude sea,
Can wash the balme off from an annointed King,
The breath of worldly men cannot depose,
The deputy elected by the Lord,
For euery man that Bullingbrooke hath prest,

The Tragedie of

To lifte shrewd Steele against our golden crowne,
God for his Ric: hath in heavenly pay,
A glorious Angell; then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for heauen shall garde the right.

Enter Salisb.

King Welcome my Lo: how far off lies your power?

Salisb. Nor neare nor farther off my gracious Lo:
Than this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue
And bids me speake of nothing but Despaire,
One day too late I feare me noble Lo:
Hath clouded all thy happy daies on earth:
O call backe yesterday, bid time returne,
And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men,
To day to day vnhappy daie too late,
Ouerthrowes thy ioyes friends, fortune and thy state:
For all the Welshmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bullingbrooke disperst and fled.

Aum. Comfort my liege, why lookes your grace so pale.

King But now the bloud of 20000. men,
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
And till so much bloud thither come againe,
Haue I not reason to looke pale and dead?
All soules that wilbe safe, flee from my side,
For time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

Aum. Comfort my liege remember who you are.

King I had forgot my selfe, am I not King?
Awake thou coward Maiesty thou sleepest.
Is not the Kings name twenty thousand names?
Arme arme, my name a puny subiect strikes,
At thy great glorie, looke not to the ground,
Ye fauourites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my Vnckle Yorke,
Hath power enough to serue our turne: but who comes here?

Enter Scroope.

Scro. More health and happines betide my liege,
Then can my care runde tongue deliuer him.

King Mine care is open, and my hart prepard,

The

King Richard the second.

The worst is worldly losse thou canst vnfold,
Say, is my kingdome lost? why twas my care,
And what losse is it to be rid of care?
Striues Bullingbrooke to be as great as we,
Greater he shall not be, if he serue God,
Weele serue him to, and be his fellow so:
Reuolt our subiects, that we cannot mende,
They breake their faith to God as well as vs:
Crie woe, destruction, ruine, and decay,
The worst is death, and death will haue his day.

Scro. Glad am I, that your highnes is so armde,
To beare the tidings of calamity,
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,
Which makes the filuer rivers drowne their shores,
As if the world were all dissolude to teares:
So high aboue his limits swels the rage
Of Bullingbrooke couering your fearefull land,
With hard bright Steele, and hartt harder then Steele,
White beards haue armd their thin and haireles scalpes
Against thy maiesty: boies with womens voices,
Striue to speake big and clap their femal ioints,
In stiffe vnweildy armes against thy crowne,
Thy very beardsmen learne to bend their bowes,
Of double fatall ewe against thy state,
Yea distaffe women mannage rustie bills
Against thy seate, both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.

King Too well too well thou telst a tale so ill,
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?
That they haue let the dangerous enemy,
Measure our confines with such peacefull steps.
If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they haue made peace with Bulling.

Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeed my Lord.

King Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,
Dogs easily wooon to fawne on any man.

The Tragedie of King Lear

Snakes in my hart, bloud warme, that sting my hart, rowed T
Three Iudasses, each one thrise worse then Iudas,
Would they make peace terrible hel,
Make war vpon their spotted soules for this.

Scro. Sweet loue I see changing his property,
Turnes to the sow rest and most deadly hate,
Againe, vncurse their soules, their peace is made
With heads and not with hands, those whom you curse
Haue felt the worst of deathes destroying wound,
And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead.

Scro. I all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my father with his power?

King. No matter where, of comfort no man speakes.

I ts talke of graues, of wormes, and Epitaphs.

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eies,

Write sorrow on the bosome of the earth.

Lets choose executors and talke of wils:

And yet not for what can we bequeath,

Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our landes, our liues, and all are Bullingbrookes.

And nothing can we call our owne, but death.

And that small modle of the barren earth,

Which serues as paste, and couer to our bones,

For Gods sake let vs sit vpon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of Kings.

How some haue beene deposed, some slaine in warre,

Some haunted by the ghosts they haue deposed,

Some poisoned by their wiues, some sleeping killd,

All murthered, for within the hollow crowne

That roundes the mortall temples of a king,

Keepes death his court, and there the antique sits,

scorning his state and grinning at his pompe,

Allowing him a breath, a little seane,

To monarchise be feard, and kill with lookes,

nfusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,

As if this flesh which wals about our life,

Vere brasse impregnable: and humord thus,

Comes

King Richard the second.

Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Boares thorough his Castle wall, and farewell King;
Couer your heades, and mocke not flesh and bloud,
With solemne reuerence, throw a way respect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious duetie,
For you haue but mistooke me at this while:
I liue with bread like you, feeble want,
Taste griefe, neede friends, subiected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?

Carleil My lord, wisemen nere sit and waile theyr woes,
But presently preuent the wayes to waile,
To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenes strength vnto your foe,
And so your follies fight against your selfe:
Feare and be slaine, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, pases death seruile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

King Thou chidst me well, prowd Bullingbrooke, I come,
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This age wth fit of feare is ouerblowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say Scroope, where lies our vncle with his power?
Speake sweetely man although thy lookes be sower.

Scroope Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye:
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say,
I play the torturer by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your vncle Yorke is ioynd with Bullingbrooke,
And all your Northerne castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.

King Thou hast said enough:
Beshrew thee cousin which didst leade me forth.

Of that sweete way I was in to dispaire,
What say you now? what comfort haue we now?
By heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
A King woes slave shall kingly woe obey:
That power I haue, discharge, and let them goe
To eare the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I haue none, let no man speake againe,
To alter this, for counsell is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

King He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tong,
Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
From Richards night, to Bullingbrookes faire day.

Enter Bull. Yorke, North.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welch men are disperst, and Salisburie
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With some few priuate friends vpon this coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good my lord,
Richard not farre from hence hath hid his head.

Yorke It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland
To say King Richard; alacke the heauy day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes; onely to be brieft
Left I his title out.

Yorke The time hath bin, would you haue beene so brieft
He would haue bin so brieft to shorten you, (with him,
For taking so the head your whole heads length:

Bull. Mistake not (uncle) further then you should.

Yorke Take not (good cousin) further then you should,
Lest you mistake the heavens are ouer our heads.

Bull. I know it vncle, and oppose not my selfe,
Against their will. But, who comes here? *Enter Percie.*

Welcome Harry; what, will not this castle yeelde?

H. Per. The Castle royally is mand my Lord,

Against

King Richard the second.

Against thy entrance.

Bull. Royally, why it contains no King.

H. Per. Yes (my good Lord,)

It doth containe a King, King Richard lies
Within the limites of yon lime and stone,
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a cleargie man
Of holy reuerence, who I cannot learne.

North. Oh belike it is the bishop of Carleil.

Bull. Noble Lords,

Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.

H. Bull. on both his knees doth kisse king Richards hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart

To his most royall person: hither come

Euen at his feete to lay my armes and power:

Prouided, that my banishment repeald,

And lands restored againe be freely granted:

If not, Ile vse the aduantage of my power,

And lay the summers dust with showres of bloud,

Rainde from the wounds of slaughtered English men,

The which, how farr off from the minde of Bulling,

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh Greene lap of faire King Richards land:

My stooping duty tenderly shall shew:

Go signifie as much while here we march

Vpon the grassie carpet of this plaine;

Lets march without the noyse of threatening drumme,

That from this Castels tottered battlements

Our faire appointments may be well peruse.

Me thinkes King Richard and my selfe should meete

With no lesse terrour than the elements

Of fire and water, when their thundring shooke

At meeting teares the cloudie cheekes of heauen.

Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding water;

The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne.

My

The Tragedie of

My water's on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

The trumpets sound, Richard appeareth on the walls.

Bull. See see King Richard doth himselfe appeare.
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie portall of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious cloudes are bent
To dimme his glorie, and to staine the tracke
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

Yorke Yet lookes he like a King, beholde his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens forth
Controlling maiestie; alacke alacke for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.

King We are amazde, and thus long haue we stode,
To watch the feareful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawful King;
And if wee be, howe dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awefull duety to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
That hath dismiss vs from our Stewardship;
For well we know no hand of bloud and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe,
And though you thinke that all as you haue done
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my maister God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,
Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike
Your children yet vnberne, and vnbegot,
That list your vassaile hands against my head,
And threat the glorie of my precious crowne.
Tell Bullingbrooke, for yon me thinkes he standes,
That euery stride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding warre:

But

King Richard the second.

But ere the crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of mothers sonnes,
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace,
To scarlet indignation and bedew
Her pastors grasse with faithfull English blond.

North. The King of heauen forbid: our Lo: the king
Should so with ciuill and vnciuill armes,
be rusht vpon. Thy thrise noble Cosen,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the honorable tombe he sweares
That stands vpon your roiall grandsires bones,
And by the roialties of both your blouds,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honor of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne or said.
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his lineall roialties, and to beg
Infranchisement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy roiall partie granted once,
His glittering armes he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his hart
To faithfull seruice of your Maiesty.
This sweares he, as he is princeesse iust,
And as I am a gentleman I credit him.

King Northumberland, say thus, the King returnes.
His noble Cosen is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demaunds,
Shall be accomplisht without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou hast,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.

King We do debase our selues, Cosen do we not,
To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?
Shall we call backe Northumberland and send
Defiance to the traitor and so die?

Ann. No good my Lo: lets fight with gentle words,

G

Till

Till time lend friends, and friends their helpfull swords

King Oh God oh God that ere this tong of mine

That laid the sentence of dread banishment

On yon prowde man should take it off againe

With words of sooth! Oh that I were as great

As is my griefe, or lesser than my name!

Or that I could forget what I haue beene!

Or not remember what I must be now!

Swellst thou (prowd heart) He giue thee scope to beate,

Since foes haue scope to beate both thee and me.

Ann. Northumberland comes backe from Bullingbrooke

King What must the King do now? must he submit?

The King shall do it: must he be deposde?

The king shall be contented: must he loose

The name of King? a Gods name let it go:

Ile giue my iewels for a set of Beades:

My gorgeous pallace for a hermitage:

My gay apparel for an almesmans gowne:

My figerde goblets for a dish of wood:

My scepter for a Palmers walking staffe:

My subiects for a paire of carued Saintes,

And my large kingdome for a little graue,

A little little graue, an obscure graue,

Or Ile be buried in the Kings hie way,

Some way of common trade, where subiects feete

May hourly trample on their soueraignes head;

For on my heart they treade now whilst I liue:

And buried once, why not vpon my head?

Aumerle thou weepst (my tender-hearted coosin)

Weele make fowle weather with despised teares;

Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corne,

And make a dearth in this reuolting land:

Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,

And make some prety match with sheading teares,

As thus to drop them still vpon one place,

Till they haue fretted vs a paire of graues

Within the earth, and therein laide; there lies

King Richard the second.

Two kinsmen digd their graues with weeping eies:

Would not this ill do well? well well I see,

I talke but idly, and you laugh at me.

Most mightie Prince my Lord Northumberland,

What saies king Bullingbroke, will his maiestie

Giue Richard leaue to liue till Richard dye,

You make a leg and Bullingbroke saies 1.

North. My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.

King. Downe, downe I come, like glistring Phaeton:
Wanting the manage of vnrulie Iades.

In the base court, base court where Kinges growe base,

To come at traitors calls, and do them grace,

In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King,
For nightowles shreeke where mounting larkes should sing.

Bull. What saies his maiestie?

North. Sorrowe and greife of hart,
Makes him speake fondly like a frantike man,
Yet he is come.

Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie: *(he kneeles downe.)*
My gracious Lord.

King. faire coosen, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it;
Me rather had my hart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eie see your curtesie:
Vp coosen vp, your hart is vp I knowe,
Thus high at least, although your knee be lowe.

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.

Bull. So farre be mine my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.

King. Well you deserue: they well deserue to haue,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get,
Vncle giue me your handes, stay drie your eies,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Coosen I am to yong to be your Father,

The Tragedie of

Though you are old enough to be my heire,
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe?
Set on towards London, Cosen is it so?

Bul. Yea my good Lord:

King. Then I must not say no.

Enter the Queene with her attendants

Quee. What sport shall we deuie here in this garden,
To driue away the heauy thought of care?

Lady Madame wee le play at bowles.

Quee. Twil make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady Madame wee le daunce.

Quee. My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
When my poore hart no measure keepes in griefes
Therefore no dauncing girle, some other sport,

Lady Madame wee le tell tales.

Quee. Of sorrow or of griefe.

Lady Of either Madame.

Quee. Of neither girles:

For if of ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue I need not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine.

Lady Madame Ile sing.

Quee. Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weepe.

Lady I could weepe; Madame would it doe you good?

Quee. And I could sing would weeping doe me good,
And neuer borrow any teare of thee.

Enter Gardeners.

But stay, here come the gardeners,
Lets step into the shadow of these trees,
My wretchednes vnto a row of pines,

They

King Richard the Second.

They will talke of state for euery one doth so,
Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe.

Gard. Go bind thou vp yong dangling Aphricokes,
Which like vnruely children make their fire,
Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight,
Giue some supportance to the bending twigs,
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of two fast growing spraies,
That looke too loftie in our common-wealth,
All must be euen in our gouernement.
You thus employed, I will goe roote away
The noysome weedes which without profit sucke
The soiles fertilitie from wholsome flowers.

Man. Why should we in the compas of a pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing as in a modle our firme estate,
When our sea-walled garden the whole land
Is full of weedes, her fairest flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprunde, her hedges ruinde,
Her knots disordered and her holosome hearbs
Swarming with caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath suffered this disordered spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the fall of leafe:
The weedes which his broad spreading leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him to hold him vp,
Are pluckt vproote and all by Bullingbrooke,
I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene,

Man. What are they dead?

Gard. They are.
And Bullingbrooke hath ceasde the wastefull king,
Oh what pitie is it that he had not so trimde,
And drest his land as we this garden at time of yeare
Do wound the barked skinne of our fruit trees,
Lest being euer prowd in sap and bloud,
With too much riches it confound it selfe
Had he done so to great and growing men,

The Tragedie of

They might haue liude to beare, and he to taste
Their fruits of duety : superfluous branches
We loppe away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the crowne,
Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.

Man. What, thinke you the King shall be deposed?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and deposde
Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a deare friend of the good Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blacke tidings.

Queene Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking
Thou old Adams likenesse set to dresse this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tong sound this vnpleasing newes?
What Eue? what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say king Richard is deposde?
Darst thou thou little better thing than earth
Diuine his downefall? say, where, when, and how,
Canst thou by this ill tidings speake thou wretch?

Gard. Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I
To breathe this newes, yet what I say is true:
King Richard he is in the mightie hold
Of Bullingbrooke: their fortunes both are weyde
In your Lo. scale is nothing but himselfe,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the ballance of great Bullingbrooke,
Besides himselfe are all the English peeres,
And with that oddes he weighs King Richard downe;
Post you to London and you will find it so,
I speake no more than euery one doth know.

Queene Nimble Mischance that aite so light of foote,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou thinkest
To serue me last that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast: come Ladies go
To meete at London Londons king in wo:
What, was I borne to this that my sad looke

Should

King Richard the second.

Should grace the triumph of great Bullingbrooke?
Gardner for telling me these newes of wo,
Pray God the plants thou graftst may neuer grow. *Exit*

Gard. Poore Queene, so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my Skill were subiect to thy curse:
Here did she fall a teare, here in this place
He set a banke of Rew sowe hearb of grace,
Rew euen for ruth heere shortly shall be scene,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queene. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bullingbrooke with the Lords to parliament.

Bull. Call forth Bagot.

Enter Bagot.

Now Bagot, freely speake thy mind,
What thou doest know of noble Gloucesters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde
The bloody office of his timeles end.

Bagot Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Bull. Cousin, stand foorth, and looke vpon that man.

Bagot My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tong
Scornes to vn say what once it hath delivered.
In that dead time when Glocesters death was plotted
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court,
As farre as Callice to mine vnclies head?
Amongst much other talke that very time
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crownes,
Then Bullingbrookes returne to England, adding withall,
How blest this land would be in this your cosins death.

Aum. Princes and noble Lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres
On equall termes to giue them chastisement?
Either I must, or haue mine honour soild
With the attainer of his slaunderous lippes.
There is my gage, the manual scale of death,

That

The Tragedie of

That markes thee out for hell, I say thou liest,
And wil maintaine what thou hast said is false
In thy heart bloud, though being all too base
To staine the temper of my knightly sword.

Bull. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath moude me so.

Fitz. If that thy valure stand on simparchie,
There is my gage Aumerle, in gage to thine;
By that faire Sunne which shews me where thou standst,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakst it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucesters death,
If thou deniest it twenty times, thou liest,
And I will turne thy falshood to thy heart,
Where it was forged with my rapiers point.

Aum. Thou darst not (coward) liue to see that day.

Fitz. Now by my soule, I would it were this houre.

Aum. Fitzwaters, thou art damnd to hell for this.

L. Per. Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is as true
In this appeale as thou art all vniust.

And that thou art so, there I throwe my gage,
To prooue it on thee to the extreamest point
Of mortall breathing, ceaze it if thou darst.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandish more reuengefull steele
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.

Another L. I taske the earth to the like (forsworne Aumerle)
And spurre thee on with full as many lies
As it may be hollowed in thy treacherous eare
From sinne to sinne: there is my honors pawne
Ingage it to the triall if thou darest.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heauen Ile throwe at all,
I haue a thousand spirites in one breast.
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Sar. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time (Aumerle) and you did talke.

Fitz. Tis very true you were in presence then,

And

King Richard the second.

And you can witnes with me this is true.

Sur. As false, by heauen, as heauen it selfe is true.

Fitz. Surrie thou liest.

(sword,

Sur. Dishonorable boy, that lie shall lie so heauie on my
That it shall render vengeance and reuenge,
Till thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie,
In earth as quiet as thy fathers scull.
In prooffe whereof there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the triall if thou darst.

Fitz. How fondly doest thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
I dare meet Surry in a wildernes,
And spit vpon him whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction:
As I intende to thriue in this new world,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.
Besides I heard the banished Norffolke say,
That thou Aumerle didst send two of thy men,
To execute the noble Duke at Callice.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norffolke lies, heere do I throwe downe this,
If he may be repeald to trie his honour.

Bull. These differences shall all rest vnder gage,
Till Norffolke be repeald, repeald he shall be,
And though mine enimie, restord againe
To all his landes and signiories: when he is returnd,
Against Aumerle we will inforce his triall.

Carl. That honourable day shall neuer be seene.
Manie a time hath banisht Norffolke fought,
For Iesu Christ in glorious Christian feild,
Streaming the ensigne of the Christian Crosse,
Against blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens,
And toild with workes of warre, retir'd him selfe
To Italie, and there at Venice gaue
His bodie to that pleasant Countries earth,
And his pure soule vnto his Captaine Christ,
Vnder whose coulours he had fought so long.

H

Bull.

The Tragedie of

Bull. Why B. is Norffolke dead?

Carl. As surely as I live my Lord.

Bull. Sweet peace conduct his swete soule to the bosome,
Of good olde Abraham's Lords Appellants.
Your differences shall all rest ynder gage,
Till we asigne you to your daies of trial.

Enter Hatke
Yorke Great Duke of Lancaster I come to thee,
From plume-pluckt Richard, who with willing soule
Adopts the heire, and his high scepter yeeldes,
To the possession of thy royall hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long liue Henry fourth of that name.

Bull. In Gods name Ile ascend the regall throne.

Car. Mary God forbid.
Worst in this royall presence may I speake,
Yet best be seeming me to speake the truth,
Would God that any in this noble presence,
Were enough noble to be vpright iudge
Of noble Richard. Then true noblesse would
Learne him forbearance from so foule a wrong,
What subiect can giue sentence on his King:
And who sits here that is not Richards subiect?
Theeues are not iudge but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be scene in them,
And shall the figure of Gods Maiesty,
His Captaine, steward, deputy, elect,
Annoynted, crowne d, planted, many yeares
Be iudge by subiect and inferiour breath,
And he himselfe not present? Oh forfend it God,
That in a Christian climate soules refine,
Should shew so heinous blacke obscene a deed
I speake to subiects and a subiect speaks,
Stir'd vp by God thus boldly for his King,
My Lord of Hereford here whom you call King,
Is a foule traitour to proud Herefords King,
And if you crowne him let me prophesie,
The bloud of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for this foule act.

King Richard the second.

Peace shall go sleepe with turkes and infidels,
And in this seate of peace, tumultuous warres,
Shall kin with kin, and kinde with kind confound:
Disorder, horror, feare, and mutiny,
Shall heere inhabit, and this land be cald,
The field of Golgotha and dead mens sculs,
Oh if you raise this house against this house,
It will the wofullest diuision proue,
That euer fell vpon this cursed earth:
Preuent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, childs children, crie against you wo.

North. Well haue you argued sir, and for your paines,
Of Capitall treason, we arrest you heere:
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely till his day of triall.

Bull. Let it be so, and loe on wednesday next,
We solemnly proclaime our Coronation,
Lords be ready all. *Exeunt.*

Manent West. Calcil, Aumerle.

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld.

Car. The woe's to come, the children yet vnborn
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.

Aum. You holy Clergy men, is there no plot,
To ridde the realme of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. My Lo. before I freely speake my mind heerein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To burie mine intents, but also to effect,
What euer I shall happen to deuise:
I see your browes are full of discontent,
Your harts of sorrow, and your eies of teares:
Come home with me to supper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall shew vs all a merrie daie. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Queene with her attendants.

Quee. This way the King will come, this is the way,
To Iulius Cæsars ill erected Tower,
To whose flint bosome, my condemned Lord,
Is doo'd a prisoner by proud Bullingbrooke,

The Tragedie of

Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth,
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene. (*Enter Ric.*)
But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither, yet looke vp, behold,
That you in pittie may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh againe with true loue teares.
Ah thou the modle where olde Troy did stand!
Thou mappe of honour, thou King Richards tombe,
And not King Richard: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard fauourd greife be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

Rich. ioyne not with greife faire woman, doe not so,
To make my end too sudden, learne good soule,
To thinke our former state a happie dreame,
From which awakt the trueth of what we are
Shewes vs but this: I am sworne brother (sweet)
To grim necessitie, and he and I,
Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to Fraunce,
And cloister thee in some religious house,
Our holy liues must win a new worlds crowne,
VVhich our prophane houres heere haue throwne downe.

Quee. what is my Richard both in shape and minde
Transformd and weakned? hath Bullingbrooke,
Deposde thine intellect? hath he been in thy hart?
The Lyon dying thrusteth forth his pawe,
And woundes the earth if nothing else with rage,
To be ore-powr'd, and wilt thou pupill-like
Take the correction, mildly kisse the rod,
And fawne on Rage with base humilitie,
VVhich art a Lion and the king of beasts.

King. a King of beasts indeed, if aught but beasts,
I had been full a happie King of men.
Good (sometimes Queene) prepare thee hence for France;
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou takest
As from my death bed thy last lining leaue;
In winters tedious nights sit by the fire,
with good old folkes, and let them tell the tales,
Of woefull ages long agoe betide:

And

King Richard the Jeconia.

And ere thou bid good night to quite their griefes,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the senslesse brands will sympathize
The heauy accent of thy moouing tong,
And in compassion weepe the fire out,
And some wil mourne in ashes, some cole blacke,
For the deposing of a rightfull King. *Enter North.*

North. My Lord, the minde of Bullingbrooke is changde,
You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
And Madam, there is order tane for you,
With al swift speede you must away to France.

King Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting Bullingbrooke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age
More than it is, ere foule sinne gathering head
Shall breake into corruption, thou shalt thinke;
Though he diuide the realme and giue thee halfe.
It is too little helping him to all.
He shall thinke that thou which knowest the way
To plant vnrightfull kings, wilt know againe,
Being nere so little vrgde another way,
To plucke him headlong from the vsurped throne:
The loue of wicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare to hate; and hate turnes one or both
To worthy daunger and deserued death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you must part forthwith.

King Doubly diuorst (bad men) you violate
A two-fold marriage twixt my crowne and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me vnkisse the oathe twixt thee and me:
And yet not so, for with a kisse twas made.
Part vs Northumberland, I towards the north,
Where shiuering cold and sickenesse pines the clime:
My wife to Fraunce, from whence set forth in pomp
She came adorned hither like sweete Maie,

The Tragedie of

Sent backe like Hollowmas or shortst of day.

Queene And must we be divided? must we part?

King I hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart.

Queene Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

King That were some loue, but little pollicie.

Queene Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

King So two together weeping make one woe.

Weepe thou for me in Fraunce, I for thee heere,

Better far off than neere be nere the neare,

Go count thy way with sighes, I mine with groanes.

Queene So longest way shall haue the longest moanes.

King Twise for one step Ile grone the way being short
And peece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come come in wooing sorrow lets be brieft.

Since wedding it, there is such length in griefe;

One kisse shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part.

Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Queene Giue me mine owne againe, twere no good part
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart:

So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,

That I may strue to kill it with a groane.

King We make woe wanton with this fond delay,
Once more adue, the rest let sorrow say.

Exeunt.

Enter Duke of Yorke and the Dutchesse.

Du. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the storie of
Of our two confins comming into London.

Yorke Where did I leaue?

Du. At that sad stop my Lord,
Where rude misgouerned hands from windowes tops
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richards head.

Yorke Then (as I said) the Duke great Bullingbrooke
Mounted vpon a hote and fierie steede,
Which his aspiring rider seemd to know,
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,
Whilst all tongues cried, God saue the Bullingbrooke,
You would haue thought the very windows spake:
So many greedy lookes of yong and old

Through

King Richard the second.

Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage, and that all the wailles
With painted imagery had said at once,
Iesu preserve the welcome Bullingbrooke,
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steeds neeke
Bespake them thus; I thanke you countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass't along.

Du. Alac poore Richard, where rode he the whilst?

Yorke As in a Theater the eyes of men,
After a well-graced Actor leaues the stage,
Are ydly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did scowle on gentle Ric. no man cried, God saue him,
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But dust was throwen vpon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience,
That had not God for some strong purpose steeld
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him:
But heauen hath a hand in these euent,
To whose high will we bound our calme contents:
To Bullingbrooke are we sworne subiects now,
Whose state and honour I for ay allow.

Du. Here comes my sonne Aumerle.

Yorke Aumerle that was,
But that is lost, for being Richards friend:
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parlement pledge for his truth
And lasting fealtie to the new made king.

Du. Welcome my sonne, who are the violets now
That strew the greene lap of the new come spring.

Au. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes I had as leife be none as one.

Yorke

The Tragedie of

Yorke Well, beare you wel in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford, do these iusts & triumphs hold?

Aum. For aught I know (my Lord) they do.

Yorke you will be there I know.

Aum. If God preuent not, I purpose so.

Yorke What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome?
yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writing,

Aum. My Lord, tis nothing.

Yorke No matter then who see it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.

Yorke Which for some reasons, sir I meane to see.
I feare I feare.

Du. What should you feare?
Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into
For gay apparell gainst the triumph day.

Yorke Bound to himselfe; what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to. Wife, thou art a foole:
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

Yorke I will be satisfied, let me see it I say:

He pluckes it out of his bosome and reades it:

Yorke Treason, foule treason, villaine, traitor, slaue.

Du. What is the matter my lord?

Yorke Ho, who is within there? saddle my horse,
God for his mercy! what treachery is here?

Du. Why what is it my Lord?

Yorke Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,
Now by mine honour, by my life, by my troth
I will appeach the villaine.

Du. What is the matter?

Yorke Peace foolish woman.

Du. I wil not peace, what is the matter Aumerle?

Au. Good mother be content, it is no more

Then

King Richard the Second.

Then my poore life must answere.

Du. Thy life answere?

Yor. Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.

His man enters with his bootes.

Du. Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amaz'd,
Hence vilaine neuer more come in my fight.

Yor. Giue me my bootes I say.

Du. Why Yorke what wilt thou doe?
Wilt thou not hide the trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more sons? or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age?
And rob me of a happie mothers name,
Is he not like the? is he not thine owne?

Yor. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?
A doozen of them here haue tane the sacrament,
And interchaungeably set downe there hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Du. He shal be none, weele keepe him heere,
Then what is that to him?

Yor. Away fond woman, were he twentie times my sonne,
I would appeach him.

Du. Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldst bee more pittifull.
But nowe I knowe rhy minde, thou doest suspect
That I haue been disloiall to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:
Sweete Yorke, sweete husband, be not of that mind,
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.

Yor. Make way vnrule woman.

Exit.

Du. After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horse,
Spur, post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee,
He not be long behind, though I be old,

The Tragedie of

I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke.
An neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbroke haue pardoned thee: away, be gone.

Enter the King with his nobles.

King H. Can no man tell me of my vnthrifstie sonne?
Tis full three moneths since I did see him last,
If any plague hang ouer vs tis he:
I would to God my Lordes he might be found:
Inquire at London, mongst the Tauernes there,
For there (they say) he daylie doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
And beate our watch, and rob our passengers,
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support so dissolute a crew:

H. Percie My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the prince,
And told him of those triumphes helde at Oxford.

King. And what said the gallant?

Per. His answer was, he would vnto the stews,
And from the commonst creature plucke a gloue,
And weare it as a fauour, and with that,
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.

King H. As dissolute as desperat, yet through both,
I see some sparkes of better hope, which elder yeares,
May happily bring foorth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle amazed.

Aum. Where is the King? (so wildly.

King H. What meanes our cosen, that he stares and lookes

Aum. God saue your grace, I doe beseech your Maiestie,
To haue some conference with your grace alone.

King. Withdraw your selues, and leave vs here alone.
What is the matter with our cosen nowe?

Aum. For euer may my knees growe to the earth,
My tongue, cleaue to my rooſe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.

King Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how heynous ere it be

To

King Richard the second.

To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then giue me leaue that May turne the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

King. Haue thy desire.

The Duke of Yorke knokes at the doore and crieth.

Yor. My leige beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.

King. Vilain Ile make thee safe. (feare

Aum. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause to

Yor. Open the dore, secure foole, hardie King,
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face,
Open the dore, or I will breake it open.

King. What is the matter vncle, speake, recouer breath,
Tell vs, how neare is daunger,
That wee may arme vs to encounter it?

Yor. Peruse this writting heere, and thou shalt know,
The treason that my haste forbids me shew.

Aum. remember as thou readst, thy promise past,
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My hart is not confederate with my hand.

Yor. It was (vilaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.
I tore it from the traitors bosome (King,)
Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pittie him, lest thy pittie proue,
A Serpent that will sting thee to the hart.

King. O heynous, strong, and bould conspiracy;
O loyall Father, of a treacherous Sonne,
Thou sheere immaculate and siluer Fountaine,
From whence this streame, through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and defild himselfe,
Thy ouerflow of good, conuerts to bad:
And thy abundant goodnes, shall excuse,
This deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.

Yor. So shall my vertue, be his vices baude,
An he shall spend mine honour, with his shame,
As thriftles sonnes, their scraping Fathers gold:
Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies.

Or my shame life in his dishonour lies,
Thou kilst me in his life giuing him breath,
The traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Du. What ho, my Liege, for Gods sake let me in.

King H. What shrill voice suppliant makes this eger crie?

Du. A woman, and thy aunt (great king) tis I,
Speake with me, pitie me, open the doore,
A beggar begs that neuer begd before.

King Our scene is altered from a serious thing,
And now changde to the Beggar and the King:
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in,
I know she is come to pray for your foule sinne.

Yorke If thou do pardon whosoeuer pray,
More sinnes for this forgiuenes prosper may:
This festred ioynt cut off, the rest rest sound,
This let alone wil all the rest confound.

Du. Oh king, belecue not this hard-hearted man,
Loue louing not it selfe, none other can.

Yorke Thou frantike woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor reare?

Du. Sweete Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

King H. Rise vp good aunt.

Du. Not yet I thee beseech,
For euer wil I walke vpon my knees,
And neuer see day that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy, vntil thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland my transgressing boy.

Aunt. Vnto my mothers prayers I bend my knee.

yorke Against them both my true ioynts bended be,
Ill maist thou thriue if thou graunt any grace.

Du. Pleades he in earnest? looke vpon his face.
His eies do drop no teares, his prayers are iniest,
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast,
He prayes but faintly, and would be denied,
We pray with heart and soule, and all beside,
His weary ioynts would gladly rise I know,
Our knees still kneele till to the ground they grow,

His

King Richard the second.

His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie,
Our prayers do outpray his, then let them haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.

King H. Good aunt stand vp.

Du. Nay, do not say, stand vp;
Say Pardon first and afterwards, stand vp,
And if I were thy nurse thy tong to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach:
I neuer longd to heare a word till now,
Say pardon King, let pitie teach thee how,
The word is short, but not so short as sweete,
No word like pardon for Kings mouthes so meete.

yorke Speake it in French, King say, Pardonne moy.

Du. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah my sower husband, my hard-hearted Lord!
That sets the word it selfe against the word:
Speake pardon as tis currant in our land,
The chopping French we do not vnderstand,
Thine eie begins to speake, set thy tongue there:
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pitie may mooue thee pardon to rehearse.

King H. Good aunt stand vp.

Du. I do not sue to stand.

Pardon is all the sute I haue in hand.

King I pardon him as God shall pardon me.

Du. Oh happy vantage of a kneeling knee,
Yet am I sicke for feare, speake it againe,
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.

King H. I pardon him with al my heart.

Du. A god on earth thou art.

King H. But for our trusty brother in law and the Abbo:
With all the rest of that consoorted crew,
Destruction strait shal dog them at the heeles,
Good vncle, help to order seuerall powers,

The Tragedie of

To Oxford, or where ere these traitors are,
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,
But I will haue them if I once know where.

Vncle farewell, and cousin adue,
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.

Du. Come my olde sonne, I pray God make thee new.

Exeunt. Maner sir Pierce Exton, &c.

Exton Didst thou not marke the K: what words he spake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not so?

Man These were his very words.

Exton Haue I no friend quoth he? he spake it twice.
And vrgde it twice together, did he not?

Man He did.

Exton And speaking it, he wishly lookt on me,
As who should say, I would thou wert the man,
That would diuorce this terrour from my heart,
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come lets go,
I am the kings friend, and will rid his foe.

Enter Richard alone.

Rich. I haue beene studying how I may compare
This prison where I liue, vnto the world:
And forbecause the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but my selfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer it out,
My braine Ile prooue, the female to my soule,
My soule the father, and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts:
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humors like the people of this world:
For no thought is contented: the better sort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the word it selfe
Against the word: as thus: Come little ones, & then againe
It is as hard to come, as for a Cammell
To threed the posterne of a small needles eie:
Thoughts tending to ambition they do plot,

King Richard the Second.

Unlikely wonders: how these vaine weake nailes
May teare a passage thorow the flinty ribs
Of this hard world my ragged prison walles:
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of fortunes slaues,
Nor shall not be the last like seely beggars,
Who sitting in the stockes refuge their shame,
That many haue, and others must set there.
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
Of such as haue before indurde the like.
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented; sometimes am I King,
Then treasons make me with my selfe a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penurie
Perswades me I was better when a king,
Then am I kingd againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkingd by Bullingbrooke,
And strait am nothing. But what ere I be,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleasde, till he be easde,
With being nothing. Musicke do I heare, *the musike plaies*
Haha keepe time, how sowre sweete Musicke is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept.
So is it in the musike of mens liues:
And here haue I the daintinesse of care
To checke time broke in a disordered string:
But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true time broke,
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbring clocke;
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes the outward watch
Whereto my finger like a dialles poynt,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.
Now first the sound that telles what houre it is,

Are

The Tragedie of

Are clamorous groanes which strike vpon my hart,
Which is the bell, so sighs, and teares, and grones,
Shew minutes, times, and houres: but my time,
Runnes posting on in Bullingbrokes proud ioye,
While I stand fooling heere his iacke of the clocke.
This musicke maddes me, let it sound no more,
For though it haue holp mad men to their witts,
In me it seemes it will make wise men mad:
Yet blessing on his hart that giues it me,
For tis asigne of loue: and loue to Richard,
Is a strange brooch in this al-hating world.

Enter a groome of the stable.

Groome. Haile roiall Prince.

Rich. Thankes noble peare:
The cheapest of vs is ten grotes too deare.
What art thou, and how comest thou hither,
Where no man neuer comes, but that sad dog,
That brings me foode to make misfortune liue.

Groome. I was a poore groome of thy stable King,
When thou wert King: who trauailling towards Yorke,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue,
To looke vpon my sometimes roiall maisters face:
Oh how it ernd my hart when I beheld,
In London streetes, that Corronation day,
When Bullingbroke rode on Roane Barbarie,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestride,
That horse, that I so carefully haue drest.

Rich. Rode he on Barbarie, tell me gentle freind,
How went he vnder him?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdained the ground.

Ric. So proud that Bullingbroke was on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my royall hand,
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not stumble, would he not fall downe
Since pride must haue a fall, and breake the necke,
Of that prond man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenes horse why do I raile on thee?

Since

King Richard the second.

Since thou created to be awed by man,
Wast borne to beare; I was not made a horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an asse,
Spurde, galld, and tirde by iauncing Bullingbrooke.

Enter one to Richard with meane.

Keeper Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

Groome What my tong dares not, that my heart shal say.

Exit Groome.

Keeper My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?

Rich. Taste of it first as thou art wont to do.

Keeper My Lord I dare not, sir Pierce of Exton,
Who lately came from the King commaunds the contrary.

Rich. The diuell take Henry of Lancaster, and thee.
Patience is stale, and I am wearie of it.

Keeper Help, help, help.

The murderers rush in.

Rich. How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine, thy owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument.
Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

Here Exton strikes him downe.

Rich. That hand shall burne in neuer quenching fire.
That staggers thus my person: Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the kings blood stained the kings owne land.
Mount mount my soule, thy seate is vp on high,
Whilst my grosse flesh sinckes downward here to die,

Exton As full of valure as of royall blood:
Both haue I spild, Oh would the deede were good!
For now the diuell that told me I did well,
Saies that this deede is chronicled in hell:
This dead king to the liuing king he beare.
Take hence the rest, and giue them buriall heere.

Enter Bullingbrooke with the duke of Yorke.

King Kind vnckle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is that the rebels haue consumed with fire

K

Our

The Tragedie of

Our towne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire,
But whether they be tane or slaine we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?

North. First to thy sacred state with I all happinesse,
The next newes is, I haue to London sent
The heades of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt and Kent,
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this paper heere.

King We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paines,
And to thy woorth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Lord Fitzwaters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Broccas, and sir Benet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That fought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.

king Thy paines Fitz. shall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit well I wor.

Enter H. Percie.

Percie The grand conspirator Abbot of Westminster
With clog of conscience and fowre melancholy
Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue.
But here is Carleil liuing, to abide
Thy kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

king Carleil, this is your doome;
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reuerent roome
More than thou haſt, and with it ioy thy life:
So as thou liuſt in peace, die free from ſtrife,
For though mine enemy thou haſt euer beene,
High ſparkes of honour in thee haue I ſeene.

Enter Axton with the coffin.

Exton Great King, within this coffin I preſent
Thy buried feare: herein all breathleſſe lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

king Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou haſt wrought

A

King Richard the second.

A deed of slaunder with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head and all this famous Land.

Exton. From your owne mouth my Lo. did I this deed.

King. They loue not poison that do poison neede,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murtherer, loue him murthered:

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,
But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour;
With Cayne go wander through shades of night,
And neuer shew thy head by day nor light.

Lordes, I protest my soule is full of wo,
That bloud should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come mourne with me, for what I do lament,

And put on fulleyn blacke incontinent,
He make a voiage to the holly lande,
To wash this bloud off from my guiltie hand:
March sadly after, grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

FINIS.



Thomas' Em...